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consent to the measure of abolition.

As the generality of the French nation knew little of this infamous traffic, Talleyrand also advised T. Clarkson, to republish his works on the impolicy of the trade, and the report of the evidence in the house of Commons; with this advice he immediately complied, and his works were read and licensed the same day. The Duke of Wellington sent

copies of these books to the commissioners and ambassadors at Vienna, who, from their recent letters to T. Clarkson, appear to have taken up the matter warmly. It is also stated, that T. Clarkson has again returned to France, with despatches to the Duke of Wellington, with power to make such concessions as Talleyrand recommended.

AN ABOLITIONIST.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD RUSHTON, WRITTEN BY HIS SON.

EDWARD RUSHTON was born on the 13th of November, 1756, in John-street, Liverpool. His education, which he received at a free school, terminated with his ninth year. At ten he read Anson's voyage, resolved to be a sailor, was bound as an apprentice to Watt and Gregson, and before he entered his eleventh year, he was a sea boy in the West Indies. He performed the various duties of his station with skill and credit, this was evinced by the following fact. At this time, i. e. when he reached his sixteenth year, he received the thanks of the captain and crew of the vessel, for his seaman like conduct, having seized the helm, and extricated the ship, when the captain and crew were wandering about in despair.

Before seventeen, whilst yet in his apprenticeship, he signed articles as second mate of the vessel, in which a short time before he entered as cabin-boy. When in this situation in the West Indies, a circumstance occurred, which is worthy of preservation. He was despatched from the ship with a boat's crew,

on some errand to the shore, the vessel then lying a few miles from the shore; when about three miles from Jamaica, the boat, from some unknown cause, upset, and five or six individuals were left to struggle for life, depending only on their bodily strength and skill for their preservation. The boat in a short time presented itself keel upwards, upon which they all speedily mounted, but no sooner had they seated themselves, and congratulated each other on their escape, than the boat slipped from under them, and they were again left to struggle.

In the boat, among others, was a negro, whose name was Quamina, between this individual and my father, a friendship had for some time subsisted, for my father taught Quamina to read. When the boat disappeared, my father beheld at some distance, a small cask, which he knew contained fresh water; for this cask he made, but before he could reach it, it was seized by the negro, who, on seeing my father almost exhausted, thrust the cask towards him, turned away his head, bidding him good bye, and never more was seen. This cask saved my father's

life. I can remember well his telling me this story with tears in his eyes. It made an impression on my mind, which no time can ever efface.

As second mate of the vessel he continued until the term of his apprenticeship was expired. At this period, the offer of a superior situation, and of course, of greater emolument, induced him to proceed to the coast of Africa, on a slaving voyage. His sentiments of this disgraceful traffic, when he beheld its horrors, though in a subordinate situation, with that boldness and integrity which characterized his every action, he expressed in strong and pointed language; he went so far in this respect, that it was thought necessary to threaten him with irons, if he did not desist.

On this fatal voyage, whilst at Dominica, he was attacked by a violent inflammation of the eyes, which in three weeks left him with the left eye totally destroyed, and the right entirely covered by an opacity of the cornea. Thus in his nineteenth year, was he deprived of one of the greatest blessings of nature; thus, to use his own language, "doomed to penury severe, thus to the world's hard buffets left."

In 1776, attended by my grandfather, he visited London, and amongst other eminent men, he consulted the celebrated Baron Wentzell, oculist to the king, who declared he could not be of the least service.

In this hopeless situation, my poor father returned to Liverpool, and resided with my grandfather. With him he continued for some short period, until by the violent temper of my grandfather's second wife, he was compelled to leave the house, and to maintain himself on four shillings per week. For seven years he existed on this miserable,

and, considering the circumstances of my grandfather, this shameful allowance; for an old aunt gave him lodgings. Whilst subsisting on this sum, he managed to pay a boy two-pence or three-pence per week, for reading to him an hour or two in the evenings. I have now in my possession, a gold brooch, to which I have heard him declare, he has often been indebted for a dinner; nor was this brooch confined to himself, a noted comedian of the present day, whose avarice has long since got the better of his principle, has borrowed and pledged this very brooch for the self-same purpose. From this state my father was removed to one much more comfortable. My grandfather placed one of his daughters, and my father, in a tavern, where he lived for some years, and soon after my aunt's marriage, his also took place, his age being then twenty-nine. My father finding, however, his pecuniary circumstances rather diminishing than increasing, left the public house.

He now entered into an engagement as an editor of a news-paper, called the *Herald*, which he for some time pursued with much pleasure, and little profit, until finding it impossible to express himself in that independent and liberal manner which his reason and his conscience dictated, he threw up his situation, and began the world once more.

With an increasing family, and a very small fortune, for a while my father hesitated before he fixed on any particular line of conduct. He thought of several plans, but none seemed more agreeable to his feelings, than the business of a bookseller; his habits and his pursuits combined to render it more eligible than any other which presented itself to his thoughts.

With thirty guineas, five children, and a wife, to whose exertions we owe more than words can express, my father commenced bookselling. My mother, my excellent mother, laboured incessantly, and with frugality and attention, the business succeeded, and my father felt himself more easy.

At this time politics ran very high in Liverpool, my father had published several of his pieces, all in favour of the rights of man. He became a noted character, was marked, and by some illiberal villain shot at; the lead passed very close to his eyebrow, but did not do him the smallest injury.

His butterfly friends who had constantly visited while all was serene, now began to desert him; they were afraid of being seen near the house, merely because my father had boldly stepped forward in the cause of liberty and of truth. Let it not be forgotten, that the foremost of these was the comedian, before mentioned, a man who owes his wealth to my father's advice, who persuaded him to try the stage. Such are the narrow prejudices, and paltry feelings, with which a man has to struggle, whose determination it is to speak and act as his heart shall dictate. But great was the satisfaction my father experienced from the steady attachment, the unremitting attention of a few tried and true friends, who with him had hailed the light wherever it appeared, and exulted in the triumphs of liberty, in whatever land they were achieved. Whilst in business as a bookseller, the purses of the late William Rathbone, and of William Roscoe, were offered to him; he was invited to take what sum he might want; he refused them both; and he has often told me, his feelings have been those of satisfaction, when he reflected on this refusal. He was

in poverty, nay, the very moment he was struggling hard to gain a scanty pittance, yet he maintained his independence, and triumphed.

His life for some years was but little varied. He continued successively to produce poetical pieces, and in the year 1797 wrote a letter, since published, to Washington on the subject of negro slavery.* If I mistake not in 1799 he wrote *Mary Le More*;† the outrages daily committed roused his slumbering genius, and induced him to write not only this, but several other pieces on the same subject; all of them breathing that spirit which it was at once his pride and boast to cherish.

But the principal event in the latter years of his life was the recovery of his sight; an event which tended to make those years much more comfortable than any he had experienced since his youth. In the autumn of 1805 hearing of the repeated successes of Dr. Gibson, of Manchester,† as an oculist, he was induced to obtain his opinion: that opinion was favourable, and after enduring with his accustomed fortitude five dreadful operations, in the summer of 1807 he was again ushered into that world, from which for more than thirty years he had been excluded. His feelings on this occasion, which I well remember, are truly recorded in the lines addressed to Gibson on this happy event.‡

For the last few years he has not written much, but those poems he has

* See *Belfast Magazine*, Vol. 8, page 266.

† This beautiful poem descriptive of the outrages committed in Ireland, by the party in power, was published in his volume of poems, page 52.

‡ This poem was published in the *Belfast Magazine*, Vol. 2, page 205.

produced are excellent. The *Fire of English Liberty*, *Jemmy Armstrong*,* and *Stanzas* addressed to Robert Southey, are all strongly in favour of those principles, which with "fire unabated," he preserved to the last moment of his mental existence.

In January 1811, after a tedious illness, my mother died. On the 25th of May, in the same year, my sister Anne died also.

For three or four years my father had been in the habit of taking *Eau Medicinale* for the gout. He again took this medicine about three weeks before his death. It is generally believed this was the remote cause of his death; its operation formerly was as a cathartic, but the last time it operated very forcibly as an emetic. So severe was the shock his constitution received, that the morning after taking the medicine, as I stood by his bedside, I expressed some fears respecting its operation; he rose to convince me of its wonderful effects; he knew not how weak he really was, for as he attempted to walk, he reeled, and had I not caught him, would most likely have fallen. He however walked down stairs and appeared very cheerful; he gradually amended,

and once or twice walked out alone. A slight complaint in the ear, with which he had been troubled previously to taking the *Eau Medicinale*, now returned, accompanied by a slight discharge. On Saturday evening, the 19th of November, about nine o'clock, I left my father in high spirits, to attend my sister home. I returned about eleven; he was gone to bed. At nine in the morning, I passed through his room, and inquired how he was. He had had but a poor night, but he ordered his boots to be cleaned, intending to dine at my sister's. Not thinking any thing unusual in his slight complaints, I left him, and returned at twelve with a gig, in order to take him to my sister's. In the mean time he grew worse, and had twice asked for me. I immediately procured medical assistance. When the doctor arrived the pulse was lost; the feet were cold; and my father was then troubled with a violent vomiting. Prompt measures were resorted to for the purpose of reanimation, and not without success. A profuse perspiration broke out, but in vain, his faculties became more and more clouded, he was insensible to all around him, his children he knew not after a very short period, and gradually grew worse until Monday, noon, when he opened his eyes, and looked at those around him. He took some little nourishment, and perhaps possessed some little consciousness. Towards evening he seemed much better; at half past two in the morning a suffusion on the brain took place, the right side was paralyzed, the breathing became heavy and laborious. Medical assistance immediately arrived, and arrived but to see him expire, for no assistance could be given. At five o'clock on Tuesday the 22d of November, Edward Rushton died with-

* This energetic poem describes in fine poetic language an anecdote indelibly impressed on the memories of those who feel interest in the events of the memorable year 1798. The name of the noble-minded Armstrong must be familiar to most readers in the North of Ireland, and it would doubtless afford them much pleasure to peruse this poem, but as the family of E. Rushton will publish a new edition of his works, the poems mentioned as written within the last few years must at present be withheld from the public. When this new edition is published, the admirers of good poetry, and the lovers of freedom and the best interests of man, will experience much gratification in the perusal. B.M.M.

out a struggle, and without pain—
leaving behind him a character,
pure and immortal as the principles
he professed.

THE foregoing interesting memoir was obligingly communicated by his son, a young man of tender years, and large promise, to whom his father has bequeathed the rich inheritance of his eminent virtues, which it is hoped, the son will appropriate and cultivate with sedulous attention.

It now remains to attempt a delineation of the character of Edward Rushton, a task at once attended with regret and pleasure; regret for so much worth being lost to the world, pleasure to record that he so strongly adorned our common nature, and proved how far a possibility exists, by the benefit of his example, to rescue it from the charges of selfishness, and baseness, with which the conduct of many gives room to reproach it. Many, to cover their own errors, leave the blame of their wrong deeds, according to their own phrase, *on poor human nature*, as certain religionists place their misconduct to the account of the devil, the personified author of evil. Edward Rushton has shewn to what heights human nature may be raised, by a strict attention to the duties of the moral code, and the virtues of a firm and independent mind. His own words on the death of his friend, Hugh Mulligan, may be borrowed to express a sense of the justice due to departed worth, in what are called the humbler walks of life, when they are truly dignified by virtue.

"When the lordly are called from their state,

The marble their virtue imparts,
Yet the marble, ye insolent great,
Is often less cold than your hearts.

"When the life of the warrior is o'er,
His deeds every tongue shall rehearse,
And now a pale bard is no more,
Ah! would you deny him a verse!"

The mind of a virtuous ingenuous man may be best known by his writings, and familiar letters written in the freedom of friendship, are peculiarly illustrative of the mental temperament. The writer of these pages is happy to have it in his power, to communicate some extracts from letters with which Edward Rushton occasionally favoured him, which shew the man, and in which

"We find sound argument, we read the heart."

These extracts may be given without a breach of confidence, as the writer of this article, with the knowledge and permission of the writer of the letters, frequently used extracts from them in the pages of the *Belfast Magazine*.*

The following letters manifest the lofty independence of his mind.

"With these men I have little or no intercourse. Religion and politics keep them aloof, and Edward Rush-

* See page 150, of our fifth volume, in the retrospect for August, 1810; and also a letter to Thomas Paine, in our third volume, page 417, in the *Magazine* for December, 1809. Our readers will find much interesting matter, by referring to these pages. A short extract from some remarks on the subject of political consistency, accompanying the letter to Thomas Paine, will bear repetition.

"I wish politicians and philosophers would learn to be consistent. Jefferson, the president of the United States, the freest country in the world, holds hundreds of his fellow-creatures in a state of bondage. Horne Tooke, the celebrated English patriot, is an enemy to the abolition of the slave trade; and Cobbett, the redoubted Cobbett, has been the uniform advocate of Negro slavery!!!"

ton has too much respect for himself, to think of soliciting any favour from the narrow, the bigoted, or the persecuting.

Nov. 23, 1805."

"I have ever valued the esteem of the worthy, particularly those who are the friends of liberty, and of man; while on the other hand, there are numbers in the world whose approbation I should deem the severest censure; and hence one of my favourite sentiments is, may we never be popular in bad times.

Aug. 29, 1807."

"We live in awful times, but while the great rough riders of the world will allow us domestic comforts, and while we possess conscious rectitude, we shall be enabled to weather the hurricane.

Jan. 10, 1810."

"I have just been informed, that in consequence of your opposition to the Orange faction, you have received several threatening letters, and have had your windows broken. If I have formed a just estimate of your character, you will not be greatly disturbed by these petty malignities. I know by experience, however, that such gad-flies are troublesome, and that their buzzings may injure the peace of a family; but he who will attempt to do good in bad times, will be sure to encounter violence. For many years I was injured to threatening letters, insults, and even outrages, but I have out-lived them all, and now and then have found my political opponents converted into friends. A few weeks ago I was at a friend's house, where the conversation turning upon prejudice, a person told me before the whole company, that there was a time when he thought I deserved to be hung on the first lamp post, on account of my political opinions. He is now a well-informed, liberal

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character, and very much my friend. I mention this to shew you that those who are now your most bigoted enemies, may, in a few years, become your warmest advocates. Shall we have a peace? I trust we shall. War has done nothing for the cause of human nature. Despot worries despot, and mankind are swept from existence. What a world is this we live in! After twenty years of slaughter, of laceration of feeling, of debasement of heart, Europe is in a much worse situation than when the war commenced. If this be the finger of Providence, it resembles a nose of wax, and may be twisted to any shape.

Dec. 31, 1813."

His views of public affairs will be seen in the following extracts, which notwithstanding the popular inclination, so common to deceive and be deceived, represent our real situation as in a faithful mirror.

"You would, no doubt, be pleased to hear of Mr. Roscoe's election. There is certainly the semblance of political virtue in the Liverpool voters returning an avowed advocate of the abolition of the slave trade, yet when we consider that from ten to twelve thousand pounds have been expended by the friends of Mr. Roscoe in this contest, every thing like political virtue melts into thin air. I have a poor opinion of my countrymen in general, and my townsmen in particular, and am confident without such an expenditure, the worth and talents even of a Roscoe would have been wholly disregarded. After all, then, what has been obtained by this contest? Why a cluster of petty despots, who call themselves a corporation, have been baffled, and their weakness completely exposed, but so long as 160 borough mongers can send a majority to the British commons,

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every contested election must, in the eye of reason, have the appearance of a mockery.

"I grant that a house of Commons composed of Roscoes, might do much, but a few virtuous men placed in the midst of corruption, are not only prevented from being useful, but there is a chance that they themselves, by coming familiar with political profligacy, may in time become more or less contaminated. He who should endeavour to purify a tub of soap-lees, by throwing into the putrid mass a few spoonfuls of essence of violets, would find himself wofully disappointed; yet such in my opinion is the state of the Imperial parliament.

Nov. 20, 1806."

"You wish me to take a trip to Ireland. I thank you for the invitation, and should I ever again set foot on your shore, it would give me no small pleasure to pass a few hours under your peaceful roof. This however is not likely to take place, I am now more confined than ever; my poor wife, from a rheumatic affection, has not been able to walk for twelve months past, and whether she will ever enjoy that pleasure again, it is hard to say. If I have any partiality for the men of Ireland, and you think I have, it is not merely because I have a little Irish blood in my veins, but because they have been long an oppressed people; and if I do not esteem my own countrymen, it is because they are the oppressors of mankind. I know it will be said it is wrong to censure a people merely for the acts of their government, but as the great mass of the British people are the advocates and supporters of their government, they of course partake of the guilt, and should share the censure. If patriotism is to supersede justice; if the wealth and power of one nation cannot be supported without the pil-

lage and slavery of others, then the names of patriot and plunderer ought to be synonymous.

"I think I perceive a strain of melancholy running through your last letter, but it is the melancholy of a benevolent mind brooding over the narrowness and miseries of the times. War, I am sure, has never found you amongst its advocates: whatever may be the result of the struggle, we may console ourselves with having been the uniform friends of peace, and this consolation is not without its value. I have long been of opinion that things must be worse before they are better, and therefore the darkness of the political horizon does not make me very uneasy. If troubles are to be encountered, let them be encountered rather by ourselves than by our children. The present generation of the British have been culpable, and deserve to feel, but their offspring being innocent ought not to suffer.

Nov. 8, 1810."

The following description of the commercial distresses, occasioned by the war, is pathetically drawn. So deeply rooted was the evil, that even peace has not removed the effects, as the increasing bankruptcies of the present times demonstrate. With a nominal open to continental markets, little relief is experienced, and taxation still most heavily presses upon the springs of industry.

"Liverpool is in a most wretched state; some weeks ago your friend Mr. H—— told me that 25,000 of its inhabitants were ready to receive charitable relief. The shop-keepers and tradesmen are gradually going to destruction; they resemble a vessel involved in the current of Maelstrom, on the coast of Norway; they see their danger, they look round for assistance; there is no relief, the vortex is gaping to receive them, and they are soon engulfed.

Or they may be compared to a poor wretch who plunges up to the knees in a quicksand; he endeavours to extricate himself, but his efforts sink him the deeper, the sandy fluid now circles his waist, now his shoulders; despair is in his eye, and he disappears never to rise again.

"Fearful of being thus overwhelmed, like many of my neighbours, I am looking out for a cottage, whilst I can answer every demand, and have a modicum left for the necessities of life; there with few wants, and confined wishes, after struggling more than twenty years with persecution, and even personal outrage, I may at length enjoy something like peace and comfort. These, however, are the pleasing suggestions of hope, which often resemble the stuff of which dreams are made.

"The ——— conduct will in all probability accelerate the political burst. When will human nature breach itself into manhood? Alas, that the welfare of so many millions of beings should depend upon such a ———. But I have done, let the hurricane come when it may, that you and yours may be preserved from its pitiless sweep, is the sincere wish of yours, truly.

Feb. 25, 1812."

Let us turn now to the domestic scene, the true place for the display of all the milder virtues. Here we recognize the true political Stoic, attuned to all the amiable feelings of our nature. He pathetically describes his partial restoration to sight, and refers his principal gratification attendant on it, to his social feelings, as connected with his dear domestic ties, his strong attachment to which, are still more elucidated by the letter announcing the marriage of his daughter, and the highly interesting and feeling one in which he men-

tions the death of his wife. In this instance, his strong mind was overpowered by the most amiable sympathies of human nature.

"Though he thought as a sage, he felt as a man."

"As to my sight, it is much the same as when you left Liverpool: I shall return to Manchester in a month or two, in order that Mr. Gibson may examine the present state of the eye, and should he think a fifth operation would be attended with the least prospect of success, I will most cheerfully acquiesce; and if not, I must make the best of my gloomy situation, having long ago discovered that the greatest misery of all, is not to be able to bear misery.

Sept. 11, 1806."

"You kindly inquire after the state of my sight; early in May I submitted to a fifth operation, it was neither so long nor so acute as some of the former, yet it was attended with considerable inflammation. In a few days the inflammation subsided, and gave me a glimpse of that world from which I have been excluded for more than thirty years. I can now wander in the country for half a dozen miles by myself; I can visit the docks and pier, and perceive the moving scenery around me; nay, with the assistance of a glass, I can read thirty or forty pages in a folio edition of Pope, and what is still more interesting to my feelings, I can distinguish the features of my family. The pleasure arising from all these, particularly the latter, you will more readily imagine than I can describe. It must be understood, however, that every thing I see is through a muddy medium, which time and medicine may perhaps remove. Whether or not I have gained much. I am, I assure you, perfectly satisfied. A person coming from perfect vision to my

situation, would be much depressed, but coming from darkness to my situation, forms such a pleasurable contrast, as no power of mine will ever be able justly to delineate.

Aug. 29, 1807."

"You mentioned the marriage of my daughter, and observe that few things contribute more to smooth the rugged descent of life, than the comfortable settlement of our children. The remark is just, yet after all, man is but a bundle of habits, and when those habits are abruptly broken in upon, a sort of mental laceration takes place. My daughter has been my close companion for years, and I feel her loss most sensibly, but the parent, who from motives of mere conveniency, would obstruct, or even retard, the happiness of his child, must, in my opinion, be selfish, and contemptible in the extreme.

Aug. 29, 1807."

"It is now more than a twelve-month since I wrote you, and during that period I have suffered much. In the space of four months, an exemplary wife, and an affectionate daughter, in her twentieth year, were taken from me; but you yourself have been a sufferer, and know how to feel. In amputating a limb, the tourniquet of the surgeon may mitigate the pain, but where is the tourniquet for the mind? The religionist will say it is here; 'the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.' The philosopher too will put in his claim with, 'every evil is necessary;' 'whatever is, is right;' 'the greatest misery of all, is not to be able to bear misery,' &c. But after all, when the mind has been deeply lacerated, it often happens that both religion and philosophy are for the most part powerless. Time, I am persuaded, is the only remedy, and time would be much

more efficacious if it were not for memory, busy memory, which by calling up the tender images and comforts that are past, keeps the wounded mind in a state of irritation, and makes the healing process often tardy, and sometimes impracticable.

Feb. 25, 1812."

One who had long known him, and could justly appreciate his worth, thus describes his character: "I had a great esteem for him; his fortitude, his independence, his integrity, his mental powers, and personal appearance, attached me most firmly to him in life, and produces no small regret, that the world, at such a time, is deprived of such a character. He retained the same sweetness of countenance, and firmness of mind, at his death."

Edward Rushton was sincerely virtuous, beyond all the external forms of religion. As a reasonable, serious man, he examined for himself, and did not fear to probe his creed to the quick. He believed all for which he found grounds of credibility, and placed his religion in doing good, in the faithful discharge of his various duties, and in performing acts of benevolence, beneficence, and justice. But he was free from that superstitious awe, which forces people to adopt a species of what they consider as belief, without evidence, or to affect to believe, lest they might incur the popular odium attached to infidelity. He did not sacrifice the convictions of his mind to a desire to stand well with a thoughtless public, but having satisfied himself, he would not bow to the idol of popularity, but with that intrepidity, which characterized him through life, boldly dared to avow his sentiments. Infidelity or unbelief is a word of doubtful meaning, and is often used as a bug bear to frighten the timid, and to prevent

an honest avowal of opinion. Of infidelity each sect forms its own opinion, and each individual measures others by his own standard, without defining the exact meaning. A man, who on any subject believes more than another, holds that person as an infidel, and so far as mere belief goes, the assertion is true; but as sects differ in their definitions of belief, infidelity becomes an indefinite word, and only proves that the giver of the nick-name, believes more than the person, to whom in his wrath, he assigns it as a term of reproach or of ridicule. Infidelity resembles the ascertaining of the exact point of the north, according to the poet.

"Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed,
In Scotland at the Orcades, and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows
where."

But Edward Rushton was not the man to be intimidated by a nickname, from avowing his sentiments.

Both in religion and politics, he indeed possessed an undaunted, fearless mind; and that pre-eminent virtue of refusing to compromise his principles, either from fear or venality. Most men have some peculiar quality, and this quality of disinterested virtue distinguished him, in a very superior manner, and formed his honourable characteristic. He thus became more remarkable, as in the present feeble times the quality is extremely rare, indeed so much so, that many taking measure of others by their own puny standard, are inclined to call in question the existence of honest and disinterested principle, and sink all virtue under the plea, that selfishness only consists with our nature, like a nation of pigmies, who seeing few but those of a growth similar to their own, are ready to call in question a race of a superior size. A Greenlander al-

most doubts the superior size of the men of southern climes. Happily for the world the subject of these memoirs, afforded by his life and example, a practical refutation of those grovelling and debasing sentiments, so degrading to our nature. He was a man capable of rolling off this reproach, and by the whole tenor of his life, proved by exhibiting the fairest specimens, the reality of the existence of virtue.

Edward Rushton was a public character, eminently distinguished by his actions, and by none more honourably, than by his abhorrence of the doctrine of expediency, when opposed to the straight forward path of duty and of principle. He thus put to shame many of "the puny dangles after wealth," and a false fame.

Let it not be thought that this is the language of mere declamatory panegyric, as in many commonplace encomiums of the dead, where to bestow indiscriminate praise is the sole object. Such fulsome praise disgusts. The truth of the present attempt to describe worth, is felt by the writer: yet he would not be thought to hold up Edward Rushton, or any other man, as a model of perfection. Every human being has his portion of alloy. But he wishes to prove by an eminent example, how much man may, by the exercise of his faculties and moral capacities, advance himself in the course and practice of virtue. Examples of this kind selected out of the middle walks of life, are cheering and animating, and may very materially assist by an honourable emulation, to incite to virtuous deeds, and tend to promote a closer attention to the dictates of unbending principle, a thing much wanting in the present day, and therefore essentially necessary to be more strongly inculcated.

Edward Rushton is praised, and

justly praised, for the good qualities which he possessed, but the great aim in penning the foregoing sketch, is to advocate the cause of virtue, by exhibiting a bright example. The Roman poet exclaimed,

"Amicus Socrates, Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas."

So Edward Rushton was my friend, and I am proud to have enjoyed a share of his friendship, but the cause of virtue is dearer to me than any man, how much so ever like the subject of this memorial, he may have been distinguished by talents, and dignified by the proper employment of them. K.

After the foregoing remarks had been written, the Liverpool Mercury of the 9th instant was received. At the annual dinner of the Con-centric Society of that town, on the following toast being given, "The memory of our much lamented townsman, the manly, enlightened, and uncorruptible Edward Rushton," our countryman, Mr. Casey, made the following speech. The coincidence between this speech and the foregoing delineation of his character cannot fail to strike the attentive reader, and proves that whether the character of the virtuous Rushton is contemplated by those near at home, or at a distance, the distinguishing features of his strong mind, strong by nature, and strengthened by assiduous cultivation of his powers in an honest direction, are represented in nearly similar terms.

"This sad event was fresh in the memory and deep in the heart, of all present; and the solemn stillness and gloom, which, for a considerable time, pervaded the whole company, presented an awful, but a proud and honourable proof how virtue and genius like his are regarded.

"Gentlemen, our lamented friend

was well known to many of you; and to that man who knew him, any representation which I could give of his character, must be faint indeed, when compared with the image which he himself has fixed in the mind of every acquaintance. Death has raised, and Death alone can remove that image. He lived in retirement; but he could not withdraw himself from the admiration or esteem of a cultivated and most respectable portion of society. He was honoured with the friendship of our most distinguished characters, who, themselves, considered his approbation amongst their brightest claims to distinction. The constitution of his mind was marked by the most resolute determination of character; and with this character, his exterior appearance corresponded in a very remarkable degree. He stood like a rampart, and he spoke like an oracle. Ennobled by nature, his mind was raised high above the patronage of the great, and he scorned the rude influence of wealth. Retired, unaided, as he was, still his career was the career of Genius, of Virtue, and of Liberty; and poor, unreal, and shadowy, is the memorial which cannot record these bright illustrations. He, who was not a stranger to the integrity of Edward Rushton, would have spared this country and human nature the reproach—that every man had his price.

"In private life he was equally loved and honoured by his friends. In the bosom of his family, he was, indeed, the very heart of sensibility. His domestic afflictions were of the most touching and distressful nature. A few little months left him bereft of a partner, endeared to him by every virtue, and one lovely daughter, who, united to the purity, the form and the countenance of an angel. Above all other sufferings,

he was raised by his own superior nature; but these afflictions reached, and seated themselves, in his manly heart. In a word, in all his trials and conflicts in the world (and Heaven had given its share) he triumphed, where it was an honour to triumph, and he fell, where the best and most exalted natures are soonest subdued."

In the course of the evening he made the following short addition.

"A great man has just disappear-

ed from amongst us, great in mind, great in integrity, though of an humble station amongst us, my beloved, my honoured friend, the revered, the loved and lamented RUSHTON, the man who in high and proud disdain of the influence of times, persons, or circumstances, maintained through life, an unshaken fidelity to the great and imperishable principles of public liberty."

DETACHED ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

DANCING PREFERRED TO LITERATURE.

A PROFESSOR of the accomplishment of dancing makes upwards of £800 a year by her talents in this line, a sum far exceeding the profits of two or three schools for nobler pursuits. Mothers attend their daughters to the dancing school to watch their motions, and the graces of their attitudes, but seldom accompany them in the pursuits which tend to the cultivation of MIND. They thus tacitly admit the inferiority of their intellectual powers. They can comprehend dancing, but they are unqualified to render assistance in the education of the understanding. Such mothers act prudently. Their interference would only mar the work of a good instructress. I am however always disgusted when I behold mothers act so irrationally.

K.

RARE INSTANCE OF SELF DENIAL IN MEMBERS OF CORPORATIONS.

There is a peculiar bye-law of the corporation of Stirling, which the members of the council au-

nually take an oath to observe, originating in a liberal and disinterested spirit, and which from its salutary tendency, deserves to be followed by other corporations. By it they bind themselves to take no lease of any part of the public property under their management, nor to purchase any part of it; neither to receive any gratification out of the public funds, under a pretence of a reward for their trouble in going about the affairs of the borough.

(*Garnett's tour in Scotland.*)

So praiseworthy a practice has not been imitated in Belfast.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

However we may pique ourselves on living in an enlightened age, and look back with a contemptuous inquiry into the ignorant prejudices of our ancestors, yet without searching into the dark ages of superstition we may discover absurdities existing at this present time. The following instance will illustrate this point. In the year 1810, W. Roots being on a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, visited the city of Glasgow, and in passing one